The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

CHAPTER XI.

MR. ROSS SCHOFIELD was engaged in decorating the battered chairs in the Herald editorial room with blue satin ribbon, the purchase of which at the Dry Goods Emporium had been directed by a sudden inspiration of his superior, Mr. Parker of the composing force. It was Ross' intention to garnish each chair with an elaborately tied bow, but as he was no sailor and understood only the intricacies of a hard knot he confined himself to that species of ornamentation, leaving, however, very long ends of ribbon hanging down after the manner of the pendants of rosettes. Mr. Schofield was alone at his labor, his two confreres having betaken themselves to the station to meet the train from Rouen.

It was a wet, gray day. The wide country lay dripping under formless wraps of thin mist, and the warm, drizzling rain blackened the weather beaten shingles of the station, made clear reflecting puddles on the unevenly worn planks of the platform and dampened the packing cases too thoroughly for occupation by the station lounger. The bus driver, Mr. Bennett, and the proprietors of two attendant "cut unders" and three or four other worthies whom business or the lack of it called to that locality availed themselves of the shelter of the waiting room, but the gentlemen of the Herald were too agitated to be confined save by the limits of the horizon.

They had reached the station half an hour before train time and consumed the interval in pacing the platform under a big cotton umbrella, addressing each other only in monosyllables. Those in the waiting room gossiped eagerly and for the thousandth time about the late events and particularly about the tremendous news of Fisbee. Judd Bennett looked out through the rainy doorway at the latter with reverence and a fine pride of townsmanship. He declared it to be his belief that Fisbee and Parker were waiting for her now.

For all Carlow knew why Fisbee had gone to meet the strange lady at the station when she had come to visit the Briscoes, why he had come with her to the lecture, why he had taken supper at the Briscoes' three times and dinner twice when she was there. Fisbee had told the story to Parker on a melancholy afternoon as they sat together in the Herald office, and Parker had told the town. It was simple enough indeed, and Fisbee's past was a mystery no longer. It might have been revealed years before had there been anything in particular to reveal and if it had ever occurred to Fisbee to talk of himself and his affairs. Things had a habit of not occurring to Fisbee.

Mr. Parker, very nervous himself, felt his companion's elbow trembling against his own as the great engine, reeking in the mist and sending great clouds of white vapor up to the sky, swooped down the track, rushed by them and came to a standstill beyond the platform. Fisbee and the foreman made haste to the nearest vestibule and were gazing blankly at its barred approaches when they heard a silvery laugh behind them and an exclamation.

"Upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber! Just behind you, dear!"

Turning quickly, the foreman beheld a blushing and smiling little vision, a vision enveloped in a light brown rain cloak and with brown gloves from which the handles of a big brown traveling bag were let fall as the vision disappeared under the cotton umbrella, while the smitten Judd Bennett reeled gasping against the station.

"Dearest," the girl cried to the old man, "you should have been looking for me between the devil and the deep sea, the parlor car and the smoker! I've given up cigars, and I've begun to study economy, so I didn't come on either!"

The drizzle and mist blew in under the top of the "cut under" as they drove rapidly into town, and bright little drops sparkled on the fair hair above the new editor's forehead and on the long lashes above the new editor's cheeks. She shook these transient gems off lightly as she paused in the doorway of the office at the top of the rickety stairway.

Mr. Schofield had just added the last touch to his decorations and managed to slide into his coat as the party came up the stairs, and now, perspiring, proud, embarrassed, he assumed an attitude at once deprecatory of his endeavors and pointedly expectant of commendations for the results. (He was a modest youth and a conscious. After his first sight of her as she stood in the doorway it was several days before he could lift his distressed eyes under the new editor's glance or, indeed, dare to avail himself of more than a hasty and fluttering stare at her when her back was turned.) As she entered the room he sidled along the wall and laughed sheepishly at nothing.

Every chair in the room was ornamented with one of his blue rosettes, tied carefully and firmly to the middle slat of each chair back. There had been several yards of ribbon left over, and there was a hard knot of glossy satin on each of the inkstands and on the doorknobs. A blue band passing around the stovepipe lent it an antique rakishness suggestive of the charioteer, and a number of streamers suspended from a hook in the ceiling encouraged a supposition that the employees of the Herald were contemplating the intricate festivities of May day. It needed no ghost to infer that these garnitures had not embellished the editorial chamber during Mr. Harkless' activity, but, on the contrary, had been put in place that very morning. Mr. Fisbee had not known of the decorations, and as his eye fell upon them a faint look of pain passed over his brow. But the girl examined the room with a dancing eye, and there were both tears and laughter in her heart.

"How beautiful!" she cried. "How beautiful!" She crossed the room and gave her hand to Ross. "It is Mr. Schofield, isn't it? The ribbons are delightful. I didn't know Mr. Harkless' room was so pretty."

Ross looked out of the window and laughed as he took her hand, which he shook with a long up and down motion, but he was set at better ease by her apparent unconsciousness of the fact that the decorations were for her. "Oh, it ain't much, I reckon," he replied, and continued to look out of the window and laugh.

She went to the desk and removed her gloves and laid her rain cloak over a chair near by. "Is this Mr. Harkless' chair?" she asked, and, Fisbee answering that it was, she looked gravely at it for a moment, passed her hand gently over the back of it and then, throwing the rain cloak over another chair, said cheerily:

"Do you know, I think the first thing for us to do will be to dust everything very carefully?"

"You remember, I was confident she would know precisely where to begin," was Fisbee's earnest whisper in the willing ear of the long foreman. "Not an instant's indecision, was there?"

"No, siree," replied the other, and as he went down to the pressroom to hunt for a feather duster which he thought might be found there he collared Bud Tipworthy, the devil, who, not admitted to the conclave of his superiors, was whistling on the rainy stairway.

"You hustle and find that dustbrush we used to have, Bud," said Parker. And presently as they rummaged in the nooks and crannies about the machinery he melted to his small assistant. "The paper is saved, Buddie—saved by an angel in light brown. You can tell it by the look of her."

"Gee!" said Bud.

Mr. Schofield had come, blushing, to join them. "Say, Cale, did you notice the color of her eyes?"

"Yes. They're gray."

"I thought so, too, show day and at Kedge Halloway's lecture. But say, Cale, they're kind of changeable. When she come in upstairs with you and Fisbee they were jest as blue—near matched the color of our ribbons."

"Gee!" repeated Mr. Tipworthy.

When the editorial chamber had been made so neat that it almost glowed, though it could never be expected to shine as did Fisbee and Caleb Parker and Ross Schofield that morning, the lady took her seat at the desk and looked over the few items the gentlemen had already compiled for her perusal. Mr. Parker explained many technicalities peculiar to the Carlow Herald, translated some phrases of the printing room and enabled her to grasp the amount of matter needed to fill an issue.

When Parker finished the three incompetents sat watching the little figure with the expression of hopeful and trusting terriers. She knit her brow for a second, but she did not betray an instant's indecision.

"I think we should have regular market reports," she announced earnestly. "I am sure Mr. Harkless would approve. Don't you think he would?" She turned to Parker.

"Market reports!" Mr. Fisbee exclaimed. "I should never have thought of market reports, nor do I imagine would either of my—my associates. A woman to conceive the idea of market reports!"

The editor blushed. "Why, who would, dear, if not a woman or a speculator, and I'm not a speculator, and neither are you, and that's the reason you didn't think of them. So, Mr. Parker, as there is so much pressure, and if you don't mind continuing to act as reporter as well as compositor until after tomorrow, and if it isn't too wet—you must have an umbrella—would it be too much bother if you went around to all the shops—stores, I mean—to all the grocers and the butchers and the leather place we passed, the tannery, and if there's one of those places where they bring cattle, would it be too much to ask you to stop there—and at the flour mill, if it isn't too far, and at the dry goods store—and you must take a blank book and a sharpened pencil, and will you price everything, please, and jot down how much things are?"

Orders received, the impetuous Parker was departing on the instant when she stopped him with a little cry, "But you haven't any umbrella!" And she forced her own, a slender wand, upon him. It bore a cunningly wrought handle, and its fabric was of glistening silk. The foreman, unable to decline it, thanked her awkwardly, and as she turned to speak to Fisbee he bolted out of the door and ran down the steps without unfolding the umbrella, and then as he made for Mr. Martin's emporium he buttoned it securely under his long Prince Albert, determined that not a drop of water should touch and ruin so delicate a thing. Thus he carried it, triumphantly dry, through the course of his reportings of that day.

When he had gone the editor laid her hand on Fisbee's arm. "Dear," she said, "do you think you'd take cold if you went over to the hotel and made a note of all the arrivals for the last week and the departures too? I noticed that Mr. Harkless always filled two or three—sticks, isn't it?—with them and things about them, and somehow it 'read' very nicely. You must ask the landlord all about them, and if there aren't any, we can take up the same amount of space [illegible] been to. You see, I've read the Herald faithfully. Isn't it a good thing I always subscribed for it?" She patted Fisbee's cheek with her soft hand and laughed gayly into his mild, vague old eyes. "It won't be this scramble to 'fill up' much longer. I have plans, gentlemen, and before long we will print news; and we must buy 'plate matter' instead of patent insides; and I had a talk with the Associated Press people in Rouen, but that's for afterwhile. And I went to the hospital this morning before I left. They wouldn't let me see him again, but they told me all about him, and he's better, and I got Tom to go to the jail, and he saw some of those beasts, and I can do a column of description besides an editorial about them, and I will be fierce enough to suit Carlow, you may believe that. And I've been talking to Senator Burns—that is, listening to Senator Burns, which is much stupider—and I think I can do an article on national politics. I'm not very well up on local issues yet, and I"— She broke off suddenly. "There, I think we can get out tomorrow's [illegible] The [illegible] you got back from the hotel, farmer. I'll have half my—my stuff written—'written up,' I mean. Take your big umbrella and go, dear, and please ask at the express office if a typewriter has come for me."

She laughed again with sheer delight, like a child, and ran to a corner and got the cotton umbrella and placed it in the old man's hand. As he reached the door she called after him, "Wait!" and went to him and knelt before him and, with the humblest, proudest grace in the world, turned up his trousers to keep them from the mud. Ross Schofield had never considered Mr. Fisbee a particularly sacred sort of person, but he did from that moment. The old man made some timid protest at the girl's action, but she answered: "The great ladies used to buckle the Chevalier Bayard's spurs for him, and you're a great deal nicer than the Chev—You haven't any rubbers! I don't believe any of you have any rubbers!" And not until both Fisbee and Mr. Schofield had promised to purchase overshoes at once and in the meantime not to step in any puddles would she let the former depart upon his errand. He crossed the square with the straightest, jauntiest step ever seen in Plattville. Solomon Tibbs had a warm argument with Miss Selina as to his identity, Miss Selina maintaining that the figure under the big umbrella—only the legs and coat tails were visible to them—was that of a stranger, probably an Englishman.

In the Herald office the editor turned, smiling, to the paper's remaining vassal. "Mr. Schofield, I heard some talk in Rouen of an oil company that had been formed to prospect for kerosene in Carlow county. Do you know anything about it?"

Ross, surfeited with honor, terror, and possessed by a sweet distress at finding himself tete-a-tete with the lady, looked at the wall and replied, "Oh, it's that Eph Watts' foolishness."

"Do you know if they have begun to dig for it yet?"

"Ma'am?" said Ross.

"Have they begun the diggings yet?"

"No, ma'am, I think not. They've got a contrapshun fixed up about three mile south. I don't reckon they've begun yet, hardly. They're gittin' the machinery in place. I heard Eph say they'd begin to bore—dig, I mean, ma'am; I meant to say dig"— He stopped, utterly confused and unhappy, and she understood his manly purpose and knew him for a gentleman whom she liked.

"You mustn't be too much surprised," she said, "but in spite of my ignorance about such things I mean to devote a good deal of space to the oil company. It may come to be of great importance to Carlow. We won't go into it in tomorrow's paper beyond an item or so, but do you think you could possibly find Mr. Watts and ask him for some information as to their progress and if it would be too much trouble for him to call here tomorrow afternoon or the day after? I want him to give me an interview if he will. Tell him, please, he will very greatly oblige us."

"Oh, he'll come all right," answered her companion quickly. "I'll take Tibbs' buggy and go down there right off. Eph won't lose no time gittin' here." And with this encouraging assurance he was flying forth when he, like the others, was detained by her solicitous care. She was a born mother. He protested that in the buggy he would be perfectly sheltered. Besides, there wasn't another umbrella about the place. He liked to get wet anyway; had always loved rain. The end of it was that he went away in a sort of tremor wearing her rain cloak over his shoulders, which garment, as it covered its owner completely when she wore it, hung almost to his knees. He darted around a corner, and there, breathing deeply, tenderly removed it, then borrowing paper and cord at a neighboring store wrapped it neatly and stole back to the printing office, on the ground floor of the Herald building, and left the package in the hands of Bud Tipworthy, charging him to care for it as for his own life and not to open it, but if the lady so much as set one foot out of doors before his return to hand it to her with the message, "He borrowed another off J. Hankins."

Left alone, the lady went to the desk and stood for a time looking gravely at Harkless' chair. She touched it gently, as she had touched it once before that morning, and then she spoke to it as if he were sitting there and as she would not have spoken had he been sitting there.

"You didn't want gratitude, did you?" she whispered, with sad lips.

Soon she smiled at the blue ribbon, patted the chair gayly on the back and, seizing upon pencil and pad, dashed into her work with rare energy. She bent low over the desk, her pencil moving rapidly. She seemed loath to pause for breath. She had covered many sheets when Fisbee returned, and as he came in softly in order not to disturb her she was so deeply engrossed that she did not hear him, nor did she look up when Parker entered, but pursued the formulation of her fast flying ideas with the same single purpose and abandon. So the two men sat and waited while their chieftainess wrote absorbedly. At last she glanced up and made a little startled exclamation at seeing them there and then gav

With the humblest, proudest grace in the world.

them cheery greeting. Each placed several scribbled sheets before her, and she, having first assured herself that Fisbee had bought his overshoes, and having expressed a fear that Mr. Parker had found her umbrella too small, as he looked damp (and indeed he was damp), cried praises on their notes and offered the reporters great applause.

"It is all so splendid!" she cried. "How could you do it so quickly? And in the rain too! It is just what we need. I've done most of the things I mentioned, I think, and made a draft of some plans for hereafter. Doesn't it seem to you that it would be a good notion to have a woman's page—'For Feminine Readers' or 'Of Interest to Women'—once a week?"

"A woman's page!" exclaimed Fisbee. "I could never have thought of that. Could you, Mr. Parker?"

Before that day was over system had been introduced, and the Herald was running on it, and all that warm rainy afternoon the editor and Fisbee worked in the editorial rooms. Parker and Bud and Mr. Schofield (after his return with the items and a courteous message from Ephraim Watts) bent over the forms downstairs, and Uncle Xenophon was cleaning the storeroom and scrubbing the floor. An extraordinary number of errands took the various members of the printing force up to see the editor in chief, literally to see the editor in chief. It was hard to believe that the presence had not flown, hard to keep believing without the repeated testimony of sight that the dingy room upstairs was actually the setting for their jewel, and a jewel they swore she was. The printers came down chuckling and gurgling after each interview. It was partly the thought that she belonged to the Herald, their paper. Once Ross, chuckling, looked up and caught the foreman giggling to himself.

"What in the name of common sense you laughin' at, Cale?" he asked.

"What are you laughing at?" rejoined the other.

"I dunno!"

The day wore on, wet and dreary outside, but all within the Herald's bosom was snug and busy and murmurous with the healthy thrum of life and prosperity renewed. Toward 6 o'clock system accomplished, the new guiding spirit was deliberating on a policy, as Harkless would conceive a policy were he there, when Minnie Briscoe ran joyously up the stairs, plunged into the room waterproofed and radiant and caught her friend in her eager arms and put an end to policy for that day.

But policy and labor did not end at twilight every day. There were evenings, as in the time of Harkless, when lamps shone from the upper windows of the Herald building; for the little editor worked hard, and sometimes she worked late; she always worked early. She made some mistakes at first and one or two blunders which she took much more seriously than any one else did. But she found a remedy for all such results of her inexperience, and she developed experience. She set at her task with the energy of her youthfulness and no limit to her ambition, and she felt that Harkless had prepared the way for a wide expansion of the paper's interests, wider then he knew. She brought a fresh point of view to operate in a situation where he had fallen perhaps too much in the rut, and she watched every chance with a keen eye and looked ahead of her with clear foresight. What she waited and yearned for and dreaded was the time when a copy of the new Herald should be placed in the trembling hands of the man who lay in the Rouen hospital. Then she felt if he, unaware of her identity as he was and as he was to be kept, should place everything in her hands unreservedly, that would be a tribute to her work. And how hard she would labor to deserve it!

After a time she began to see that as his representative and editor of the Herald she had become a factor in district politics. It took her breath, but with a gasp of delight, for there was something she wanted to do.

Rodney McCune had lifted his head, and the friends of his stricken enemy felt that they and the cause that Harkless had labored for were lost without the leader, for the old ring that the Herald had beaten rallied around McCune. "The boys were in line again." Every one knew that Halloway, a dull but honest man, the most available material that Harkless had been able to find, was already beaten. If John Harkless had been "on the ground to work for him," it was said, Halloway could have received the nomination again, but as matters stood he was beaten and beaten badly, and Rodney McCune would sit in congress, for nomination meant election.

But one afternoon the Harkless forces, demoralized, broken, hopeless, woke up to find that they had a leader. There was a political conference at Judge Briscoe's. The politicians descended sadly at the gate from the omnibus that had met the afternoon train—Boswell and Keating, two gentlemen of Amo, and Bence and Shannon, two others of Gaines county, to confer with Warren Smith, Tom Martin, Briscoe and Harkless' representatives, Fisbee and the editor of the Herald. They entered the house gloomily, and the conference began in dejected monosyllables. But presently Minnie Briscoe, sitting on the porch pretending to sew, heard Helen's voice, clear, soft and trembling a little with excitement. She talked for only two or three minutes, but what she said seemed to stir up great commotion among the others. All the voices burst forth at once in exclamations, almost shouts. Then Minnie saw her father, seated near the window, rise and strike the table a great blow with his clinched fist. "Will I make the nominating speech?" he cried. "I'd walk from here to Rouen and back again to do it!"

"We'll swim out!" exclaimed Mr. Keating of Amo. "The wonderful thing is that nobody thought of this before. There are just two difficulties—Halloway and our man himself. He wouldn't let his name be used against Kedge. Therefore we've got to work it quietly and keep it from him."

"It's not too difficult," said the speaker's colleague, Mr. Boswell. "All we've got to do is to spring it as a surprise on the convention. Some of the old crowd themselves will be swept along with us when we make our nomination, and you want to stuff your ears with cotton. You see, all we need to do is to pass the word quietly among the Halloway people and the shaky McCune people. Rod may get wind of it, but you can't fix men in this district against us when they know what we mean to do now. On the first ballot we'll give Halloway every vote he'd have got if he'd run against McCune alone. It will help him to understand how things were afterward. On the second ballot—why, we nominate. Of course it can't be helped that Halloway has to be kept in the dark, too, but he's got to be."

"There's one danger," said Warren Smith. "Kedge Halloway is honest, but I believe he's selfish enough to disturb his best friend's deathbed for his own ends. It's not unlikely that he will get nervous toward the last and be telegraphing Harkless to have himself carried on a cot to the convention to save him. That wouldn't do at all, of course. And Miss Sherwood thinks maybe there'd be less danger if we set the convention a little ahead of the day appointed. It's dangerous, because it shortens our time, but we can fix it for three days before the day we'd settled on, and that will bring it to Sept. 7."

"It's a great plan," said Mr. Bence, who was an oratorical gentleman. He thrust one hand in his breast, raised the other toward heaven and continued. "For the name of Harkless shall"—

"Wait a minute," said Keating. "I'd like to hear from the Herald about its policy, if Miss Sherwood will tell us."

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "It will be very simple. Don't you think there

"Here's to our candidate!"

is only one course to pursue? We will advocate no one very energetically, but we will print as much of the truth about Mr. McCune as we can, with delicacy and honor, in this case; but as I understand it the work is almost all to be done among the delegates. We shall not mention our plan at all, and we will contrive that Mr. Harkless shall not receive his copy of the paper containing the notice of the change of date, and I think the chance of his seeing it in any Rouen paper may be avoided. That is all, I think."

"Thank you," said Keating. "That is certainly the course to follow."

Every one nodded or acquiesced in words, and Keating and Bence came over to Helen and engaged her in conversation. The others began to look about for their hats, vaguely preparing to leave.

"Wait a minute," said the judge. "There's no train due just now." And Minnie appeared in the doorway with a big pitcher of crab apple cider, rich and amber hued, sparkling, cold and redolent of the sweet smelling orchard where it was born. Behind Miss Briscoe came Mildy Upton with glasses and a fat, shaking, four storied jelly cake on a second tray. The judge passed his cigars around, and the gentlemen took them blithely, then hesitatingly held them in their fingers and glanced at the ladies, uncertain of permission.

"Let me get you some matches," Helen said quickly, and found a box on the table and handed them to Keating. Every one sat beaming, and fragrant veils of smoke soon draped the room.

"Why do you call her 'Miss Sherwood'?" Boswell whispered in Keating's ear.

"That's her name."

"Ain't she the daughter of that old fellow over there by the window? Ain't her name Fisbee?"

"No; she's his daughter, but her legal name's Sherwood. She's an adop"—

"Great Scott! I know all about that. I'd like to know if there's a man, woman or child in this part of the country that doesn't. I guess it won't be Fisbee or Sherwood either very long. She can easy get a new name, that lady. And if she took a fancy to Boswell, why, I'm a bach"—

"I expect she won't take a fancy to Boswell very early," said Keating.

"Go way," returned Mr. Boswell. "What do you want to say that for? Can't you bear for anybody to be happy a minute or two now and then?"

Warren Smith approached Helen and inquired if it would be asking too much if they petitioned her for some music, and she went to the piano and sang some darky songs for them, with a quaint suggestion of the dialect. Two or three old fashioned negro melodies of Foster, followed by some rollicking modern imitations, with the movement and spirit of a tin shop falling down a flight of stairs. Her audience listened in delight from the first. But the latter songs quite overcame them with pleasure and admiration, and before she finished every head in the room was jogging from side to side and forward and back in time to the music, while every foot shuffled the measures on the carpet.

When the gentlemen from out of town discovered that it was time to leave if they meant to catch their train Helen called to them to wait, and they gathered around her.

"Just one second," she said. And she poured all the glasses full to the brim. Then, as she stood in the center of the circle they made around her, she said:

"Before you go shan't we pledge each other to our success in this good home grown Indiana cider that leaves our heads clear and our arms strong? If you will—then"— She began to blush furiously, and her voice trembled, but she lifted the glass high over her head and cried bravely, "Here's to our candidate!"

The big men, towering over her, threw back their heads and quaffed the gentle liquor to the last drop. Then they sent up the first shout of the campaign and cheered till the rafters rang.

"My friends," said Mr. Keating as he and Boswell and the men from Gaines drove away from the brick house—"my friends, here is where I begin the warmest hustling I ever did. Now, I guess we all think this is a great plan"—

"It is a glorious idea," said Mr. Bence. "The name of Harkless"—

Keating drowned the oratory: "But that isn't all. That little girl wants it to succeed, and that settles it. He goes."

That night Mr. Parker, at work in the printing office, perceived the figure of Mr. Tipworthy beckoning him mysteriously from the pavement.

What's the matter, Buddie?"

"Listen. She's singin' over her work."

Parker stepped outside. On the pavement people had stopped to listen. They stood in the shadow, looking up with parted lips at the open, lighted windows whence came a clear, soft, reaching voice, lifted ineffably in song. Now it swelled louder unconsciously; now its volume was more slender, and it melted liquidly into the night; again it trembled and rose and dwelt in the ear, strong and pure, and hearing it you sighed with unknown longings. It was the "Angels' Serenade."

Bud Tipworthy's sister, Cynthia, was with him, and Parker saw that she turned from the window and that she was crying quietly. She put her hand on the boy's shoulder and patted it with a forlorn gesture which to the foreman's eye was as graceful as it was sad. He moved closer to Bud, and his big hand fell on Cynthia's brother's other shoulder as he realized that red hair could look pretty sometimes, and he wondered why the editor's singing made Cynthia cry, and at the same time he decided to be mighty good to Bud henceforth. The spell of night and song was on him; that and something more, for it is a strange, inexplicable fact that the most practical chief ever known to the Herald had a singularly sentimental influence over her subordinates from the moment of her arrival. Under Harkless' domination there had been no more steadfast bachelors in Carlow than Ross Schofield and Caleb Parker, and, like timorous youths in a graveyard, daring and mocking the ghosts in order to assuage their own fears, they had so gibed and jeered at the married state that there was talk of urging the minister to preach at them, but now let it be recorded that at the moment Caleb laid his hand on Bud's other shoulder his associate, Mr. Schofield, was enjoying a walk in the far end of town with a widow, and it is not to be doubted that Mr. Tipworthy's heart also was no longer in his possession, though, as it was after 8 o'clock the damsel of his desire had probably long since retired to her couch.

For a faint light on the cause of these spells we must turn to a comment made by the invaluable Mr. Martin some time afterward. Referring to the lady to whose voice he was now listening in silence, which shows how great the enthralling of her voice was, he said, "When you saw her or heard her or managed to be around anywhere she was, why, if you couldn't git up no hope of marryin' her you wanted to marry somebody."

Mr. Lige Willetts, riding idly by, drew rein in front of the lighted windows and listened with the others. Presently he leaned from his horse and whispered to a man near him, "I know that song."

"Do you?" whispered the other.

"Yes. He and I heard her sing it the night he was shot. We stood outside Briscoe's and listened."

"So!"

"'It's a seraphic song,' he said," continued Lige.

"No!" exclaimed his friend. Then, shaking his head, he sighed, "Well, it's mighty sweet."

The song was suddenly woven into laughter in the unseen chamber, and the lights in the windows went out, and a small lady and a tall lady and a thin old man, all three laughing and talking happily, came down and drove off in the Briscoe buckboard. William Todd took his courage between his teeth and, the song ringing in his ears, made a desperate resolve to call upon Miss Bardlock that evening in spite of its being a week day, and Caleb Parker gently and stammeringly asked Cynthia if she would wait till he shut up the shop and let him walk home with her and Bud.

Soon the square was quiet as before, and there was naught but peace under the big stars of July.

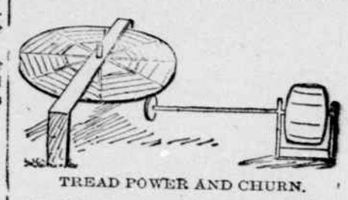
That day the news had come that Harkless, after weeks of alternate improvement and relapse, hazardously lingering in the borderland of shadows, had passed the crucial point and was convalescent. His recovery was assured. But from their first word of him, from the message that he was found and was alive, none of the people of Carlow had really doubted. They are simple country people, and they know that God is good.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TREAD POWER FOR CHURN.

There Are Neither Belts, Cogs Nor Anything Else to Get This Device Out of Order.

A light tread power for churning, turning grindstone, etc., is made by mounting a disk wheel nearly horizontally, the axle being inclined so one portion will be higher than the other. The dog, sheep or calf used for motive power is tied at one side, headed toward the higher part. As the animal walks, the wheel turns because of the animal's weight, and communicates motion to the pulley or small friction



TREAD POWER AND CHURN.

wheel beneath. There are no belts, no cogs. The weight of the animal bears the part of the large inclined wheel upon the smaller wheel beneath and causes it to revolve.

A discarded wagon wheel might be used as the framework of the large wheel, nailing boards on the upper surface for the animal to walk on, or a frame is easily made, and if somewhat larger than a wagon wheel—say six feet or seven feet in diameter—the circle will be larger and the animal will find the walking more direct. The under wheel may be six or eight inches in diameter. The power is increased by giving the large wheel more pitch, and diminished by setting it more nearly level.—Orange Judd Farmer.

RULES FOR RUNNING DAIRY.

If You Follow Them You Will Avoid Many Annoyances That Now Beset You.

The rules of the Vermont Dairy association contains the following: The milker should be clean, and his clothes likewise. Brush the udder just before milking and wipe with a clean cloth or sponge. Milk quietly, quickly and thoroughly. Throw away into the gutter the first few streams from each teat. This milk is very watery, of very little value and is quite apt to injure the remainder of the milk. Remove the milk promptly from the stable to a clean, dry room, where the air is pure and sweet. Drain the milk through a clean flannel cloth, or through two or three thicknesses of cheesecloth. Aerate and cool the milk as soon as it is strained. The cooler it is the more souring is retarded. If covers are left off the cans, cover with cloths or mosquito netting. Never mix fresh milk with that which has been cooled, nor close a can containing warm milk, nor allow it to freeze. Under no circumstances should anything be added to milk to prevent it souring. Such doings violate the laws of both God and man. The chemicals which are used for this purpose are slow poisons. Cleanliness and cold are the only preservatives needed. In hot weather jacket the cans with a clean, wet blanket or canvas when moved in a wagon. Musty, sour food, dusty litter or fodder should be out of the way at milking time.

TIMELY DAIRY NOTES.

Bitter milk is generally caused by bacteria. Keep the stable free from dust and remove the milk as soon as it is drawn from the cow.

Unwashed butter, if the buttermilk is well worked out, will keep as well or better than butter washed in impure water. If butter is worked too much it spoils the grain, hence the value of washing out the buttermilk when good water can be obtained.

The ideal cow of the Holland breeders is of wedge shape, with shoulders moderately thick, the chest full, the barrel long, ribs spreading, abdomen strongly held up, the hips broad, the rump long, broad and carried out high, the quarters straight, wide and full, and last but not least, a broad and strong spinal column. Farm and Home.

This Is Worth Thinking About.

How does little Denmark, where land is worth $500 an acre, manage to capture the English market from the big United States? The answer is simply this. They send men over to study the English markets and find out the kind of butter that England wants. These men then go home and make that kind instead of doing as the Yankees did—try to educate the Englishman's appetite to the kind Americans make. In Denmark dairymen cooperate and help each other in every possible manner; they have cooperative creameries, cooperative eggs sale houses and cooperative slaughter houses. They simply go about doing honest hard work and always produce a uniform product. —Rural World.

Bacterial Content of Cheese.

In a report from the Ontario Experiment station on a study of the bacterial content of cheese are presented figures that indicate the amount of work these little organisms do in the predigesting of this food product. According to this report the number of bacteria present are usually largest when the cheese is but a day or two old. The products developed by the germs, being detrimental to their own existence, cause them gradually to deminish in number. The number of germs found in one sample only two days old was 17,854,447,500 per ounce of cheese.

Not Out Yet.

An English barber who has been fined 102 times for shaving on Sunday has stuck up in his window, "102, not out."

Four Boxes.

Some one has said four boxes rule the world—cartridge box, ballot box, jury box and band box.—Farm Journal.

Electrical Bootblack.

An electrical bootblack, which is more rapid and effective than the street grab, is in use in Chicago.